

# THE KENTUCKY AGE.

A Weekly Family Newspaper: Devoted to State and National Politics, Agriculture, Commerce, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, and the General News of the Day.

VOLUME I.

CYNTHIANA, HARRISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: SEPTEMBER 30, 1856.

NUMBER XXXI.

## THE KENTUCKY AGE,

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One column one year, 75 00  
Marriages and deaths are published gratuitously.  
Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

## HOTELS.

### THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,

A. J. SINK, PROPRIETOR,  
Chicago, Ill.  
A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE, running an omnibus to convey passengers to and from the house free of any charge. Travelers wishing to stop over in Chicago can save money in three ways: by holding on to their checks and stopping at the St. Nicholas, viz: Twenty-five cents in omnibus fare from the cars to a first class house; from one to two dollars per day in hotel charges; and twenty-five cents from the hotel to the cars. The charges are \$2 per day, and in the same proportion for a shorter time—no extra charge for omnibus fare.  
The St. Nicholas is one of the largest Hotels in Chicago, is inferior to none in the western country, is well furnished, superbly furnished, and is within three minutes walk of the centre of business.  
E. JENKS, Sup't.  
my31 ly

### NATIONAL HOTEL,

CORNER MAIN AND FOURTH STREETS,  
Louisville, Ky.  
JOHNSON, MARTIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.  
BUILDING entirely new; furniture, bedding, etc., of the latest style.  
Entrance on Fourth street, near Main. apl2 ly

### PARIS HOTEL,

LOCATED ON MAIN STREET,  
Paris, Ky.  
General Stage Office,  
C. TALBUTT, PROPRIETOR.  
OMNIBUSES always in readiness to convey passengers to and from the Railroad Depot, FREE OF CHARGE.  
Livery and Sale Stable attached to the Hotel.  
mar15 6m

### OWEN'S HOTEL,

(W. R. OWEN, PROPRIETOR.)  
CORNERS FOURTH AND JEFFERSON STREETS,  
Louisville, Ky.  
OWEN'S HOTEL is one of the best appointed hotels in the city. It combines the advantage of a location in the heart of business with the attraction of comparative retirement. It is a depot for all the stage, omnibus, and railroad connections of the locality.  
While the fare and accommodations are sumptuous, the charges are reasonable. ml ly

### MADISON HOUSE,

CORNER SIXTH AND MADISON STREETS,  
Covington, Ky.  
HENRY RHODES, PROPRIETOR.  
THIS HOUSE is only two squares from the Covington and Lexington Railroad Depot. Passengers wishing to go on any of the Cincinnati Trains, by leaving orders at the office of the Madison House, will be waited on by omnibuses in time for either train. Early breakfast for passengers going on any of the early trains of cars.  
The Bar will always be furnished with the very best stores, and with accommodating attendants. ml ly

### HENRIE HOUSE,

THIRD STREET, BET. MAIN AND SYCAMORE,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.  
JAS. WATSON, (Formerly of Va.) PROPRIETOR.  
WHO has, at great expense, refitted and refurnished the above house, and would be happy to see his Kentucky friends.  
Board per day \$1. ml 6m

### One-dollar-a-day House!

MEGOWAN'S HOTEL,  
SHORT STREET, ADJOINING M'CKENZIE AND M'CALL-  
LAND'S LIVERY STABLE,  
Lexington, Ky.  
THE very best accommodations, attention, etc. Custom respectfully solicited. ml ly

### KOSUTH HOUSE,

Lately Occupied by Mrs. Cath. York,  
LOUIS POLLMEYER, PROPRIETOR,  
Main street, northeast of the Courthouse, Cynthiana, Kentucky. mar1 ly

## COVINGTON BUSINESS.

### COVINGTON FOUNDRY STORE,

HEINEN, BOSCHER & CO.,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
Stoves, Fancy Enamelled Grates, Marble-  
top Iron Stoves, Hollow-ware, Fire  
Brick, and Castings in General.  
Covington, Ky.  
WE are prepared to sell all these articles lower than at Cincinnati prices, as we are manufacturing them ourselves.  
Covington merchants will please give us a call at the old stand, corner Sixth and Madison streets, opposite Borden & Miller's Drug Store.  
N. B.—Roofing, Spouting, and Jobbing done to order.  
my31 6m

### J. F. B. TIMBERLAKE,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN  
Groceries and Liquors,  
LEXINGTON PIKE, BETWEEN MADISON AND  
WASHINGTON STS.,  
Covington, Kentucky.  
Also Dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. ml ly

### BLACKBURN & NEW.

Forwarding and Commission Merchants,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
Groceries, Liquors, Produce, Provisions,  
and all kinds of Goods,  
On the Lexington Pike, between Madison and Wash-  
ington streets,  
Three doors below Covington & Lex. Railroad Depot,  
1 Marly  
Covington, Ky.

## POLITICAL.

### Brief Sketch OF THE LIFE AND ACTS OF AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

JAMES BUCHANAN  
Was Born  
ON THE 23D DAY OF APRIL, 1791,  
AT STONEY BATTER,  
On the Eastern slope of the Alleghanies.

IN 1805  
He entered Dickinson College.  
He graduated with Distinguished Honor  
IN 1809.

The same year  
He commenced the study of Law, and was admit-  
ted to the Bar, November 17, 1812.

His career in the  
PROFESSOR WAS A SERIES OF SUCCESSIVE  
TRIUMPHS.  
IN 1814

He made a powerful speech in favor of a  
vigorous prosecution of the war with  
GREAT BRITAIN,  
And volunteered  
AS A COMMON SOLDIER  
IN THE RANKS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY!

OCTOBER, 1814,  
He was elected a member of the  
PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

Where he declared "That the Invading Enemy  
must be driven from our shores,"  
And proclaimed himself in favor of  
THE RIGHTS OF  
THE NATURALIZED CITIZEN,  
And opposed to  
THE PROSCRIPTION OF FOREIGNERS.

OCTOBER, 1815,  
He was again elected to the Legislature.  
IN 1820

HE WAS ELECTED TO CONGRESS.  
He was re-elected for five successive terms.  
During these  
TEN YEARS IN CONGRESS,  
He immortalized himself by his eloquence, and  
made the world acknowledge him to be  
A STATESMAN.

IN 1822  
He spoke in favor of Military Appropriations;  
Against the Bankrupt Bill; In support of the  
Tariff; and proclaimed himself opposed to  
SECTIONALISM, and a Representative  
neither of the East, nor of the  
West, nor of the North, nor  
of the South,  
BUT FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

IN 1824  
He spoke in favor of the Niagara Sufferers in the  
War of 1812, and for the Presidency pro-  
nounced himself emphatically for An-  
drew Jackson.

IN 1825  
He analyzed the Judiciary System,  
And spoke in favor of  
The Independence of the South American States.  
IN 1826

He declared in Congress that Spain should cede  
to no government but that of the United States  
THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

And made a triumphant speech in support of Pen-  
sions for Revolutionary Soldiers.  
IN 1828

He took strong position in  
FAVOR OF RETRENCHMENT IN NATIONAL EXPENSES.  
IN 1830

He made his profound speech on the Impeachment  
of Judge Peck, and vindicated the rights of  
the Public Press.  
IN 1831

He voluntarily retired from Congress.  
IN 1832  
President Jackson appointed him  
MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

Where he succeeded in making a most important  
Commercial Treaty.  
IN 1833

He was elected to  
THE UNITED STATES SENATE.  
IN 1834

He took his seat, and made his masterly speech on  
French Reprisals; declared we must not only  
assert our Rights, but maintain them.  
IN 1835-6

He attacked incendiary Publications. He became,  
at the same time, the exponent of  
the national sympathy for  
TEXAN INDEPENDENCE.

He pleaded in behalf of the sufferers by the fire in  
New York; indorsed the policy of the great Jack-  
son in respect to our relations with France; ad-  
vocated the admission into the Union of Michigan  
and Arkansas; and declared himself  
TO BE A STATE RIGHTS MAN!

IN 1837  
He took bold ground in favor of the Expunging  
Resolutions of Colonel Benton, declaring Andrew  
Jackson to be the Saviour of the Liberties of our  
country.

He took strong ground in  
SUPPORT OF THE SUB TREASURY BILL,  
And, in his speech upon our Relations with Mex-  
ico, uttered that sentence which will be as immor-  
tal as our history:  
"MILLIONS TO DEFEND OUR RIGHTS,  
BUT NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE."

IN 1838  
He was the foremost defender of the Pre-Emption  
Rights against the Tyranny of Landed Monopoli-  
sts.

IN 1839  
He delivered his great speech on the Independent  
Treasury, in which he so nobly vindicated  
the rights of labor, and declared that  
"THAT THE COUNTRY IS THE MOST  
PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COM-  
MANDS THE GREATEST RE-  
WARD."

IN 1840  
His celebrated reply to Clay and Archer  
on the Fiscal Bank Question.

IN 1841  
He delivered his noted argument in the McLeod  
Case, on International Law.

IN 1842  
He pronounced his thorough statesmanlike opin-  
ion on the Veto Power.

IN 1843  
He seconded the conduct of Daniel Webster, in  
the Ashburton and Webster treaty.

IN 1844  
He took preliminary ground in favor of our Set-  
tlements on the Pacific; for the Ter-  
ritorial growth of Oregon,  
and for the annex-  
ation of Texas.

IN 1845,  
By the advice of Andrew Jackson, President

## HOW TO PROPOSE.

Oh no, Mr. Crane, by no manner of o'means,  
'tain't a minute too soon for you to begin to talk  
about getting married again. I am amazed you  
should be afeard I'd think so. See, how long's  
Miss Crane ben dead? Six months!—land o'  
Goshen!—why I've know'd a number of individ-  
uals get married in less time than that. There's  
Phil Bennett's widdier I was a talking' about  
jest now—she was Louisy Perce—her husband  
hadn't ben dead but three months, you know.  
I don't think it looks well for a woman to be in  
such a hurry, but for a man it is a different thing.  
Circumstances alters cases, you know. And then,  
sittuated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a terrible  
thing for your family to be without a head to su-  
perintend the domestic consarns and tend to the  
children, to say nothin' o' yourself, Mr. Crane. You  
read a companion, and no mistake. Six months,  
gosh! gosh! Why Squire Tjans d'ent' val  
s'z weeks arter he buried his s'f wife afore he mar-  
ried her second. I thought ther wa'n't no par-  
ticular need o' his hurryin' so, secin' his family was  
I grow'd up. Such a critter as he pickt out, tew!  
I was very unsuitable, but every man to his taste, I  
hain't no disposition to meddle with nobody's con-  
sarns.

There's old farmer Dawson, tew, his par-  
ner hain't ben dead but ten months. To be sure  
he kin't married yet, but he would a ben long  
enough ago if sombody I know'd o' giv him any  
encouragement. But tain't for me to speak o'  
that matter. He's a clever old critter and as rich  
as a Jew, but lawd sakes! he's old enough to be  
my father. And ther's Mr. Smith, Jubiler  
Smith, you know him, Mr. Crane, his wife (she  
was Austry Pike) she died last summer, and he's  
ben squintin' round among the wimmen ever since,  
and he may squint for all the good it 'll dew him  
as far as I am consarned, tho' Mr. Smith's  
a respectable man, quite young and hain't no fam-  
ily, very well of tew, and quite intellibent, but I  
tell you what, I'm purty parikelar. O Mr. Crane,  
his ten year come jinnisary since I witnessed the  
expiration o' my beloved companion!—an uncon-  
mon long time to wait, to be sure, but tain't  
enough to find any body to fill the place of Hezekiah Ber-  
dott. I think you're the most like husband of a  
young gal I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months!  
murderation! I curse you should be afeard I'd think  
'twas too soon, why I've know'd—

Mr. Crane,—Well wider, I've ben thinking  
about taking another companion, and I thought  
I'd ask you—

What, O Mr. Crane, egcuse my commotion  
—it's so unexpected. Jest hand me that are bot-  
tle o' camellie oil the mantley shelf, I'm rather  
faint, de put a little mite on my handkercher and  
hold it to my nose. There—that'll dew, I am  
obleged tew you, now I am rather more composd,  
you may perceive, Mr. Crane.

Mr. Crane,—well wider, I was a going to ask  
you whether, whether—

Widow,—Continuer, Mr. Crane, dew, I know  
it's terrible embarrasin. I remember when my  
deceased husband made his suppositions to me, he  
stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flus-  
tered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the  
world, and I s'pose it's generally the case, at least  
it has been with all them that's made suppositions  
to me, you see they're generally oncering about  
what kind of an auer they're afeard to git, and it  
kind o' makes 'em nervous. But wen an individ-  
ual has reason to s'pose his attachment's recip-  
erated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein'  
flustrated, tho' I must say it's quite embarrasin'  
to me, pray continuer.

Mr. C.—Well then, I want to know if you're  
willing I should have Melissy?

Widow.—The dragon!

Mr. C.—I hain't said anything to her about it  
yet, though the proper way was to get your con-  
sent first. I remember when I courted Typheny  
we were engaged some time before mother Ken-  
pene anything about it, and when she found it  
she was quite put out because I didn't go to  
her first. So when I made up my mind about  
Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this time and  
speak to the old woman first—

Widow.—Old woman, hey! that's a purty name  
to call me! amazin' perlie! Well, Melissy  
hey! Tribbleation! gosh sakes alive! well, I'll  
give it up now! I always know'd if you was a sim-  
pleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess I didn't  
think you was quite so big a fool, want Melissy dew?  
If that don't beat all! What an ex-cess! I don't  
know you must be to s'pose she'd look at you.  
Why you are old enough to be her father, and  
more tew, Melissy ain't in only in her twenty-  
onech year. What a ridiculous idee for a man of  
your age! as gray as a rat? I wonder what  
this world is a coming tew; 'tis astonishing what  
tools old widowers will make of themselves! Have  
Melissy! Melissy!

Mr. C.—Why, wider, you surprise me, I'd no  
idee of being treated in this way after you'd ben  
so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and  
the girls.

Widow.—Shut yer head, Tim Crane, nun of yer  
saxs to me. There's yer hat on that are table, and  
here's the door, and the sooner you put on one and  
march out o' 'tomer, the better 'll be for you. And  
I advise you afore you try to get married agin, to  
go out west and see if your wife's cold, and arter  
ye're satisfied on that pint, jest put a little lamp-  
black on yer hair, 'twould ad to yer appearance  
undoubtedly and be of service tew you when ye've  
got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine of yer back,  
it wouldnt hurt yer looks a mme, you'd be intire-  
ly unestablie for you was a leetle gran straiter  
Mr. C.—Well, I never!

Widow.—Hold yer tongue, you consarned old  
coot you, I tell ye there's yer hat and there's the  
door, be off with yerself, quick metre; or I'll give  
ye a hyst with the broomslick.

Mr. C.—Gimminy!

Widow rising.—Git out, I say, I ain't a gwine  
to stand here and be insulted under my own roof,  
and so, git along, and if ever you darken my door  
agin, or say a word to Melissy, it 'll be the woe  
for you, that's all.

Mr. C.—Tremendous!

Widow.—Go long—go long—go long—go long,  
you everlastin' old gem. I won't hear another word  
(stops her ears) I won't, I won't, I won't I won't.

[Exit Mr. Crane.]

(Enter Melissy, accompanied with Captain Canoot.)

Good evenin', capten! Well, Melissy, hum at  
last, hey? why didnt you stay till mornin'! purty  
business keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you,  
when I'm eny most tired to death ironin' and  
workin like a slave all day—ought to ben abed  
an hour ago. Thought you left me with agree-  
able company, hey? I should like to know what  
artly reason you had to s'pose old Crane was  
agreeable to me? I always trusted the critter, al-  
ways thought he was a fool, and now I'm contin-  
ued on. I'm completely disgust with him, and  
I let him know it to night. I gin him a piece of

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I advise you afore you try to get married agin, to  
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you everlastin' old gem. I won't hear another word  
(stops her ears) I won't, I won't, I won't I won't.

[Exit Mr. Crane.]

(Enter Melissy, accompanied with Captain Canoot.)

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last, hey? why didnt you stay till mornin'! purty  
business keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you,  
when I'm eny most tired to death ironin' and  
workin like a slave all day—ought to ben abed  
an hour ago. Thought you left me with agree-  
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read a companion, and no mistake. Six months,  
gosh! gosh! Why Squire Tjans d'ent' val  
s'z weeks arter he buried his s'f wife afore he mar-  
ried her second. I thought ther wa'n't no par-  
ticular need o' his hurryin' so, secin' his family was  
I grow'd up. Such a critter as he pickt out, tew!  
I was very unsuitable, but every man to his taste, I  
hain't no disposition to meddle with nobody's con-  
sarns.

There's old farmer Dawson, tew, his par-  
ner hain't ben dead but ten months. To be sure  
he kin't married yet, but he would a ben long  
enough ago if sombody I know'd o' giv him any  
encouragement. But tain't for me to speak o'  
that matter. He's a clever old critter and as rich  
as a Jew, but lawd sakes! he's old enough to be  
my father. And ther's Mr. Smith, Jubiler  
Smith, you know him, Mr. Crane, his wife (she  
was Austry Pike) she died last summer, and he's  
ben squintin' round among the wimmen ever since,  
and he may squint for all the good it 'll dew him  
as far as I am consarned, tho' Mr. Smith's  
a respectable man, quite young and hain't no fam-  
ily, very well of tew, and quite intellibent, but I  
tell you what, I'm purty parikelar. O Mr. Crane,  
his ten year come jinnisary since I witnessed the  
expiration o' my beloved companion!—an uncon-  
mon long time to wait, to be sure, but tain't  
enough to find any body to fill the place of Hezekiah Ber-  
dott. I think you're the most like husband of a  
young gal I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months!  
murderation! I curse you should be afeard I'd think  
'twas too soon, why I've know'd—

Mr. Crane,—Well wider, I've ben thinking  
about taking another companion, and I thought  
I'd ask you—

What, O Mr. Crane, egcuse my commotion  
—it's so unexpected. Jest hand me that are bot-  
tle o' camellie oil the mantley shelf, I'm rather  
faint, de put a little mite on my handkercher and  
hold it to my nose. There—that'll dew, I am  
obleged tew you, now I am rather more composd,  
you may perceive, Mr. Crane.

Mr. Crane,—well wider, I was a going to ask  
you whether, whether—

Widow,—Continuer, Mr. Crane, dew, I know  
it's terrible embarrasin. I remember when my  
deceased husband made his suppositions to me, he  
stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flus-  
tered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the  
world, and I s'pose it's generally the case, at least  
it has been with all them that's made suppositions  
to me, you see they're generally oncering about  
what kind of an auer they're afeard to git, and it  
kind o' makes 'em nervous. But wen an individ-  
ual has reason to s'pose his attachment's recip-  
erated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein'  
flustrated, tho' I must say it's quite embarrasin'  
to me, pray continuer.

Mr. C.—Well then, I want to know if you're  
willing I should have Melissy?

Widow.—The dragon!

Mr. C.—I hain't said anything to her about it  
yet, though the proper way was to get your con-  
sent first. I remember when I courted Typheny  
we were engaged some time before mother Ken-  
pene anything about it, and when she found it  
she was quite put out because I didn't go to  
her first. So when I made up my mind about  
Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this



J. H. JOHNSON, Editor.

CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY OCT. 7, 1856

## DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES:

FOR PRESIDENT,  
JAMES BUCHANAN,  
Of Pennsylvania.FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,  
JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,  
Of Kentucky.

## ELECTORAL TICKET:

For the State at Large—HON. ELIJAH HISE.  
—JNO. W. STEVENSON.  
First District—COL. R. D. CHOLSON.  
Second District—GEO. W. WILLIAMS.  
Third District—JOHN A. TYN.  
Fourth District—TIMOLEON CHAVENS.  
Fifth District—BENJAMIN MACOFFIN.  
Sixth District—B. E. RICE.  
Seventh District—WILLIAM D. REED.  
Eighth District—R. W. WOOLLEY.  
Ninth District—R. H. STANTON.  
Tenth District—HIRAM KELSEY.

## A FEW OF THE FRUITS OF KNOW-NOTHING-ISM.

The great blustering party, which was "all right on the go" about a year ago, has been in existence some two years. It may not be altogether profitable to examine some of its immediate results. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is an infallible test, whether applied to individuals, societies, or parties. We purpose, in this article, to call the attention of our readers to the fruits of bogus Americanism.

The great, leading principle of the infamous party under consideration, and, consequently, the first of its detected iniquities was its monstrous and unblushing falsehood. Based—as that party was—upon a stupendous lie, it required a continued and systematic course of lying to sustain the corrupt organization, and to bring about the disgraceful ends for which it was instituted. It is perfectly amazing now to look back and contemplate the falsehoods which were told by the members of this pure party. Men who had heretofore stood high in community; who enjoyed the entire confidence of their fellow-men; whose words were as good as their bonds, were no sooner touched by the poisoned wand of know-nothingism than they adopted a systematic course of deception. They not only did this as a sworn duty, but they seemed to take great delight in it. Men pledged their honor as gentlemen, as Christians—nay, as ministers of the gospel that they were not members of the vile order; when subsequent events have proved that they were members at the very time they perjured their souls and forfeited their honor to deceive their best friends. This seems almost incredible, and no doubt will be regarded as harsh and unjustifiable language. But before we are arraigned, tried, and condemned for using it, let our accuser ask himself this question: "Is it true?" It is true, and there is not a man who will read this article but must acknowledge to himself, at least, its justice. The man whose sensibilities are shocked by a simple relation of facts does not stand sufficiently high upon the scale of our admiration, to make his good opinion of us at all requisite to our happiness. The know-nothing party will have to sink yet deeper in degradation and crime; will have to achieve a still lower mark upon the scale of meanness before it can engrave upon its principles and enjoin upon its members acts which we shall fear to publish. We say, then, that the know-nothing party inaugurated a system of lying and deception absolutely disgraceful to a party and to individuals. We further say that this system of lying was not only incorporated into the principles of that party, but it was also among the sworn duties of its members.

As a matter of course, this peculiar feature of the "great American party" could be productive of but one result. It destroyed the confidence which should—and previous to the advent of know-nothingism did—exist between man and man. Increased distrust and excited suspicion between neighborhoods, families, and friends. It cheapened a man's word, and, in a measure, broke down the wall which existed between gentlemen and blackguards. This is one of the peculiar fruits of bogus Americanism, which is seen and felt by every man in every community which has suffered from its blighting touch.

Its effects upon secret benevolent societies have been equally disastrous, though, of course, more concealed. When we say that it has destroyed the cordiality and brotherly feeling which previous to its advent existed between members of these societies, we say what every Old Fellow and Mason knows to be true. Before know-nothingism appeared, the members of the ancient and honorable order of Masons were bound together by ties over which political differences could exercise no control. But know-nothingism contaminates everything it touches. The secrecy, which it borrowed to conceal its abhorrent principles, has made all secret societies more or less odious. Old Fellowship, which was powerful two years ago, has, under the blighting curse of Sam, dwindled down to a nominal society. Free Masonry has been robbed by Sam of its chief charm; and if it survive the baleful influences of know-nothingism, it will have vindicated its immortality.

But by far the most pernicious fruits of this diabolical fact on have been visited upon our evangelical churches. We heard nothing in saying that the cause of religion has lost more in the last two years than can be recovered in twenty. When

know-nothingism first appeared, a large number of professed ministers of the gospel, mistaking bigotry for zeal, fancied that they had at last discovered a mode by which they could lop off the head and cut branches of heresy at a single blow. Accordingly they abandoned the Bible—which they had pretended to believe was the voice of inspiration, for the ritual of Sam. They discarded the teachings of holy writ for the instructions of a sworn band of political jugglers. They left the sacred desk to step down to the vile depths of a know-nothing lodge. There in secret and darkness, upon their knees, brothers with the very drops of humanity, these shepherds swore to prescribe a portion of their flock on account of their foreign birth, and toward deadly hostility to a portion of their fellow men because of their religious belief. Sunday morning these reverend disciples of Sam would ascend to the pulpit, and with hypocritical lips hold out promises of salvation to all; would declaim against the sin of this world, and exhort their hearers to a more godly life. These holy men were greatly shocked if any one hinted the possibility of their sympathizing with any sworn political party. They denied most solemnly their connection with a secret and sworn organization, and raised their eyes in holy deprecation of such a suspicion. Things went on in this way until the session of the Philadelphia convention of know-nothings, held in June, 1855. This convention, among other unexpected acts, removed the ban of secrecy so far as the individual member of the order was concerned. When the dark veil was lifted from these midnight sinkholes, these political persons were discovered upon their knees, not in their closets, but before the altar of Sam. Need we say that all these political preachers lost their influence with not only the democratic members of their churches, to whom they had often denied their connection with the vile order, but with all men, whether in or out of the church? A minister who has been caught in an attempt to deceive his congregation, or a part of it, loses the respect of community, and he can never regain it. His influence for good dies forever, and he remains a stumbling block in the path of those over whom he was appointed to guide the way to heaven. This is no fancy sketch. It is true. Look at our churches. Are they not all in what is termed "a low state?" Do you hear of our great revivals of religion? You do not; and you never will until a large number of the professional ministers of the gospel are themselves converted. Churches have been divided and broken up; families have become estranged; religion has become almost a by-word, and all this has been brought about by the direct influence of know-nothingism. It is a melancholy fact, much to be regretted, but nevertheless A FACT.

We have thus enumerated a few of the most palpable fruits of know-nothingism. We might continue to mention its pernicious influences, but we forbear.

As an offset to the evils growing out of this faction, will some intelligent "American" mention one good result attributable to know-nothingism? Will he mention just one creditable achievement of that party in a moral, religious, or political point of view? If any one feels himself able to point to a single laudable achievement, or attempt of this single goose party, he shall have the free use of our columns in which to make it public.

Another accession.—The Ashland Kentuckian, heretofore a neutral paper, has come out for Buchanan and Breckinridge. H. R. French, its talented editor, in announcing this change in the tone of his paper, makes the following patriotic remarks:

But a crisis is at hand, in national affairs which demands the energies of every true and patriotic citizen, not alone in the behalf of party or partisan preference, but for the good of his country and his wife's country, and thus best capable of securing the peace and prosperity of this, our happy and beloved land. And as a citizen surveyor of the field of political contest, has proven to our judgment that Fillmore (for whom an old-line whig, we entertain much respect) is unwelcome in the race for the Presidency, but the contest lies between Buchanan and Fremont, we have determined, in the sentiment of an illustrious patriot, now no more, that "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" we in our editorial as well as private capacity, will devote our best efforts to what we believe to be the true interests of our country, and this first and strongest, by advocating the claims of those distinguished statesmen, James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge.

We hail the Kentuckian as a valuable ally in the cause of the constitution and the Union. We sincerely trust that the democracy of that district will sustain the editor in his course.

Brother French, we now extend to you the right-hand of fellowship, but if you tell any more such confounded yarns about us as that in your last paper, we will wallop you in just two minutes by the best "sag nicks" watch in Kentucky. Ahem—m—m!

A GREAT INVENTION.—The French have brought out a new style of petticoat, which promises to do away with hoops entirely. It is called "The Tubular Expansion Skirt," and is made of an India rubber tube which is coiled around an ordinary skirt. A little air-pipe or feeder, with a silver stop, extends up under the arm, convenient to the lady's mouth. When she wishes to go through a gate or enter a doorway, all she has to do is to raise the valve and let sufficient air escape to admit her, then she can blow herself up to the required size. It is also an excellent life-preserver. We hail this new invention with joy. It will place husband and wife upon a more equal footing. If wife blows hubby up, for coming home late, he can retaliate by blowing up wifely in the morning. If they go on a steamboat excursion, and the steamboat blows up, he can blow up his wife and float ashore. What is better than all, they will be easier on the boat legs of gentlemen who escort ladies to and from church.

TIGHT PATRONS.—The Louisville Journal, of the 31, contains a strong appeal to the brethren in Indiana to support Morton, the black republican, negro-stealing candidate for Governor, against Willard, a national democrat. How do Kentucky know-nothings like that? We suppose they will swallow it and pronounce it very good. After what they have gulped down, we beg to be excused from the task of attempting to affix limits to their gullets.

If honest men are the salt of the earth, pretty girls may be said to be the sugar.—Noblesse oblige. Not they are the leaven and ought to be licked.

## WHAT A FARGE.

Were it not for the imminent danger in which the Union has been placed by the midnight machinery of know-nothingism, the position of the Fillmore party would be laughable in the extreme. They are running a man for the highest office in the gift of the people, who has not the remotest chance of getting the electoral vote of a single State in the Union. He has warm partisans, who pretend to believe he will be elected; but when you ask them what States he will get they are unable to name a single one. They read the Louisville Journal, and believe whatever it says, shutting their eyes to all evidence or reason. This is the ridiculous side of southern know-nothingism.

The treasonable acts of this most absurd of all parties are perfectly apparent, when we reflect that for the first time in the history of our government, there is danger of an abolitionist and unionist being elected President. If Fremont is not elected it will not be the fault of southern know-nothings. If they succeed in foisting a few southern States into the support of Fillmore, the election would go to the House of Representatives, and Fremont's election would be certain. It is certainly very strange that men who are sensible upon all other subjects, are so perfectly blinded by bigotry and prejudice that they cannot see this fact. It is as plain as the nose on a man's face. If they believe their own immaculate oration, they must also believe what we have stated above. The Louisville Journal stated the other day that, allowing Mr. Buchanan all the southern States—one hundred and twenty votes—still they would not prevent the election of Fremont. He was then endeavoring to show the weakness of Mr. Buchanan in the North, and it became necessary to give Fremont nearly all the free States—enough of them at least to elect him over one hundred and twenty southern electoral votes. Nobody pretends to believe that Fillmore can carry a northern State but the editor of the Journal and his southern toolies. When the Pope-fearers here desire southern democrats to vote for Fillmore they always allow him in their calculations a majority of the free States. But when they get upon the other hobby they give all the free States to Fremont.

If the lives of the leaders of know-nothingism in the South were depending upon the election of Fremont, they could not work harder to bring about that result than they are now doing. We believe that they desire it; but whether they do or not, they are pursuing the only course in which they could help to bring it about, viz: seeking to divide the strength of the South.

SERIES DETOUR.—Our news from all parts of the Union is of the most cheering character. Buchanan and Breckinridge are gaining daily in all the northern States. Our advice from Indiana assures us that the double B ticket will sweep that State by a majority of ten thousand votes. In Ohio the democracy are fully awake, and it would not surprise us at all if the Buckeye State should wheel into the democratic ranks in November. If Fillmore gets thirty thousand votes in Ohio, Buchanan will certainly carry the State. Pennsylvania is given up by both nigger-kisser and Pope-fearer. Illinois will give one of her old-fashioned rousing democratic majorities. Kentucky is bound to go democratic. All the signs, grips, passwords, and oaths ever invented by Ned Bullfinch can't prevent it. The knowing goos fellows have given it up long since. They pretend to have great confidence that Fillmore will carry the State; but it is all pretense. They won't bet; which is a sure sign that they don't believe. They are betting men in their party. Those fellows who bled so nobly last year—in the belief that Morehead's majority would reach five thousand—are still here; those who drew their pocketbooks in defence of Bob Letcher when he ran against Major Breckinridge, are still of the earth earthy, and if they could see a ghost of a chance for "getting even," they would be "lamming up the rocks" like they "didn't care." But you can't squeeze a dollar out of them on a bet that Fillmore will carry Kentucky. The editor of the Louisville Journal, who has got as much sense as all the rest of his party in Kentucky, clearly foresees a defeat in November. He is now preparing a place to fall on. He has made most ample arrangements to have his party defeated by "imported votes." The men who are to do it are arriving daily, "with axes and black carpet bags."

We see no State for Fillmore. It is barely possible that he may get the future state, and we admit that he is going at a fast gallop toward the state of oblivion. Hurrah for Buck and Breck!

The truth is, that every democratic paper in the country claimed Maine for Buchanan before the late election, and some of them claimed it afterwards.—Dun. Tribune.

In the Age of the 8th of March, we made a calculation of the strength of the three parties, in which we placed Maine among the doubtful States. At the same time we said that the democrats had a much better chance for carrying the State than the know-nothings. At the late election there, the democrats polled fifty five thousand more votes than the know-nothings did.

The "truth" is right the reverse of what is stated by the Tribune. In nine cases out of ten it is safe to bet against any statement made by a know-nothing editor.

MORE FUSION.—The know-nothings and blacks of Massachusetts have fused and nominated their Congressmen. All the candidates are black republicans of the blackest stripe. Anson Burlingame is nominated, and is a fair specimen of the entire lot.

It is a significant fact, that in all these fusions of Sam & Sambo, Sam always goes over to Sambo. And yet southern know-nothings gravely say that Fillmore is the only man who can beat Fremont in the North. Consistent fellows!

The Washington Union says that "one half of the know-nothings seem to be as blind as bats." Oh well! if one half of us are blind and the other not, then one half must work with the other party.—Louis Journal.

Prey, you probably mean. One half "on guard," while "the other" preys.

Wonder if our sweet-heart hasn't a concluding little prey at.—Elton Banner.

Couldn't say; but that she has a very conceited little puppy is most certain. Poor girl!

## SAM AND SAMBO IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Beyond a doubt, the know-nothings will go en masse for the black republican candidates in Pennsylvania in the State election for Canal Commissioner. The know-nothings will fuse with the blacks in that State for two reasons: First, because they have an innate sympathy for abolitionism; and secondly, in the hope that by combining with the blacks to beat the democracy in the October election, the friends of Mr. Buchanan in the South will despair of his election, and go over to Fillmore. The New York Mirror—a Fremont paper—in the course of an article explying out the election of Fremont—lets the cat out of the bag, as follows:

We do not anticipate any such result from the success of the American-republican party of Pennsylvania in the October election. In the first place it is not clear that the southern States will rush over pell-mell from Buchanan to Fillmore on the announcement of the former's overthrow in his native State.

The bargain is fairly made, and the black republicans regard the success of their ticket in the Pennsylvania State election as certain. The gallant democracy will have to contend with Sam and Sambo united. We have strong hopes that the democratic ticket will be triumphantly elected over all the united isms, but if it should be defeated, sothern democrats will have no cause for being disheartened. All the local considerations and influences will be brought to bear against the democratic candidates, and strenuous efforts will be made to defeat them, for the effect which these political jugglers suppose such defeat would have upon southern men. The same game is to be played in Indiana. The American Banner, the Fillmore organ in Indiana, after stating the reasons which induce the Indiana know-nothings to vote for the abolition State ticket for Governor, Congressmen, &c., says:

The Fillmore party, or the large majority of them, do not concede that they have much to lose by the vote of the October election, for they know full well that without their vote, neither of the tickets will have a majority of the votes cast. They know, furthermore, that if they defeat the democratic ticket, Mr. Buchanan's chances in the South will be very slim, which will give Mr. Fillmore a better show of carrying the majority of that section of the country. It is the custom of war always to destroy the power of a "hereditary enemy," even if it puts you to a little inconvenience. But the success of the American cause, for we never yet claimed the State for Fillmore. We keep our party here for the purpose of letting the two sectional parties know that we are all a "power in the State."

A CINCINNATI SOLOMON.—The correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, in writing from the State Fair, says:

The ladies are quite numerous, but to my surprise possess little beauty. They are generally well dressed; but on my bright evening fourth street can show a thousand times more beauty than is here congregated. Kentucky is as famous for the beauty of its women as for the hospitality and civility of its men; but the former is really looked for here. A decidedly handsome woman would be a curiosity.

This is not only in wretched bad taste, but it is wholly untrue. It was conceded by all that an unusually large number of beautiful—yes, most beautiful women were in attendance during the State Fair. The scribbler for the Enquirer is either no judge of beauty or he was not on the grounds at all. He is probably one of those "press" critics, who commenced his education as bill-sticker, and has acquired his tremendous powers of appreciation by a constant practice in out-cisiding the legs of opera dancers.

Fourth street may show more and a greater variety of beauty, but we thank heaven—our Kentucky ladies are not so fond of making "a show." Where Bloomer costumes, specie-making, and circus-riding are considered a *sine qua non* of female loveliness, we yield the palm to Ohio. Where "baby-shows" place women on a level with broad mares, we trust there will be no Kentucky competition. But when women are judged by their intelligence, modest beauty, and unconscious loveliness, Kentucky ladies can beat the world. We'll bet a hat on that.

Hancock, Green, Kinney, and a score of other intense American sp-heads, are still inflicting their severe denunciations of the democratic party and its distinguished nominees upon a patient and long-suffering people.

"The little sea birds, blinded by the storms, On some tight-rope dash and fall, For their feet are on the edge of the cliff, And the small deposits that were meant for brains; Yet the proud fabric, in the morning sun, Stands all unconscious of the mischief done, Still the red beacon peeps its evening rays For the last traveler with his bright blade, Nay, shines all radiance o'er the scattered feet Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet."

A SPECIMEN TOAD-EATER.—The editor of the Elton Banner, in the course of a slobbering article eulogizing George D. Prentice, says:

"When mother Earth receives his body, a monument shall be erected to his memory high as an agreeable atmosphere state will suffer the marble-worker to ascend."

Prentice will gulph down the above nauseating dose with some remarks like the following:

"Such cheering tokens of approbation, from such a distinguished source, fall upon our American heart, like the Balm of a thousand Flowers upon an anti-American freckle. We thank our American friend for his unexpected, and perhaps undeserved, though no less welcome tribute to our feeble efforts in behalf of American principles. Such words of praise are grateful to us at any time, but now, when Americans are trying so hard to rule America, they are particularly so."

"And he played on a string of a thousand harps; sperricks of jux men made perfect."

SIX.—The editor of the Louisville Journal still sees "men with axes and black carpet bags." He calls on the democrats "living on the Bards-ton road" to prove that he does not see them. This reminds us of the old woman who dreamed a ghost story, and defied the world to prove that she didn't. Speaking of ghosts: we have no doubt that the "men with axes and carpet-bags" who so haunt the conscience of Prentice, are the ghosts of the Irishmen whose murder he caused on "bloody Monday." They should rest as heavily upon his soul, as the ghosts of the murdered Plantagenets did upon the soul of Richard.

We have just learned the painful intelligence of the sudden death of Larkin Garnett, sr., at his residence in this county on yesterday. He was a most valued citizen, esteemed in all the relations of life. His obituary will appear in our next.

We invite the attention of our readers to the very able letter of Col. W. W. Gruelle, of Illinois, which we publish in another column.

If all the 120 southern electoral votes were given to Buchanan, it would not be sufficient to elect him, and would not prevent the election of Fremont.

Here is a virtual admission that Fremont will carry nearly all the free States, for it takes nearly all of them to elect a President over the 120 southern votes. We have no doubt that Fremont will carry all the northern States that do not go for Buchanan, and hence, the folly and foolhardiness of southern know-nothings in endeavoring to divide the strength of the South. No man is wild enough to claim more than three southern States for Mr. Fillmore, and if the entire 120 southern votes cast for Buchanan will not prevent the election of Fremont, we should like to know how the votes of these three southern States—all that the most visionary know-nothings claim—can prevent the same result.

It is a little amusing to notice that in the same article, from which the above paragraph is clipped, the editor of the Journal tells his readers, that:

"It has, however, already been ascertained beyond a rational doubt that Mr. Fillmore will receive the electoral votes of New York, New Jersey, and California, making forty-six northern votes."

How does a know-nothing reconcile the above statement with the first, viz: that the one hundred and twenty southern votes cast for Buchanan would not prevent the election of Fremont? It is probable that a know-nothing believes what he reads in the Journal without asking any questions. An editor must certainly have great confidence in the stupidity of his readers, when he sets before them such a batch of inconsistencies, and all in one article.

The editor of the Journal knows that Fillmore cannot carry a free State. He has no party in the free States. He also knows very well that Buchanan will carry the States named by him as certain for Fillmore, together with Pennsylvania, Illinois, and others. His only hope is that enough southern States will be led off by the howl about the Pope and other know-nothing flummery—to throw the election into the House of Representatives. In that event, by the aid of such men as Humphrey Marshall, he hopes Fremont will be elected, so that "all men no matter of what color"—who are—"entitled to liberty" will get it. Humphrey Marshall says that he has no choice between the doctrines of the Fremont party and the doctrines of the Buchanan party. We don't believe he is honest in this declaration. His course in the last Congress showed that he preferred Banks to Richardson or Aiken. The game which the southern fagmen of know-nothingism are playing, is too transparent to deceive any but natural know-nothings.

The Indiana Americans are indignant at the statements which have been made in the South that there is a fusion between them and the Fremont and Dayton party.

No doubt they are very indignant. Know-nothings are apt to be very indignant when any of their race is exposed. But all this indignation does not hide the fact that Sam and Sambo have joined forces in Indiana, against the national democrats. The editor of the Journal knows this fact very well, but he endeavors to hide it from his readers by this round about way of denying it.

See article from the Louisville Courier which we publish on our first page.

A clergyman who dabbles in politics, manifestly goes out of his own line. If he does it, however, merely as any other man, expressing his opinions from the rostrum, the stump, or through the columns of a political paper, he lays no claim to any particular attention, and is, therefore, guilty of no particular presumption. But the case is different when he covers his *lay* opinion with the mantle of a sacred ministerial authority, and launches his harangue from the altar or the pulpit. Such a course is evidently a sham of the very worst sort. It is to hide "Song, the joiner," beneath the lion's skin, without taking the precaution to "name his name, or let half his face be seen through the lion's neck." In this way, he is allowed to roar to the discomfort of feeble folks, and women who come to church looking for nothing of the sort. For your clerical politician, like "your lion," is a fearful wild fowl among ladies. The whole thing in fact is an imposition upon a people. And were it not for the sacredness of the place and the day, any layman in the congregation would be perfectly justifiable in rising up and answering the discourse, just as freely as he would do it in an ordinary political arena.

AWFUL!—He sat before a low table, and his pale fingers clutched with convulsive energy the handle of a knife. His brows were knit and his lips tightly compressed, while the wild, unsettled expression of his eye seemed to indicate the desperate purpose that was flashing through his brain. Suddenly he held the keen steel to the light; he felt its sharp edge and tapering point; then with startling energy he raised the fatal knife on high and plunged it into the breast of a—roast goose; the gravy ran out in torrents, and the half-famished young gentleman left behind him, as the only monument of his prowess, a pyramid of bones.

Exchange.

GERALT SMITH ON BLOOD.—This prominent abolitionist and leading Republican is getting a taste for blood. In a recent letter he says:

"As you are aware, I do not attach that great importance to the approaching election which so many do. I have come to despair of the peaceful termination of slavery. It must go out in blood. The time for abolishing it at the ballot-box has gone by—never."

DANGEROUS.—The Albany Journal says:

The death of Lorenzo B. Shepard in his bathtub should be a renewed caution to abstain at night from the powerful stimulus of cold water upon an exhausted system. More than one fatal result has recently followed this violation of hygienic law within the circle of widely-known New Yorkers. Mr. S. had made an exhausting political speech in the evening in New Jersey, reached his home about one o'clock in the morning, and went into a bath. He was found dead in it.

BISHOP ONDERDONK.—A New York correspondent says:

An effort, it is supposed, will be made at the Diocesan convention, to assemble here to-morrow, to have a memorial address to the House of Bishops, about to meet in general convention in Philadelphia, praying that Bishop Onderdonk may be relieved from the sentence which at present deprives him of the active exercise of his sacred office. The move will, no doubt, lead to a spirited debate.

Equequo, one of Fashion's colts, best Roxana, at the opening of the fall races on Fashion Course, N. Y., on Tuesday, doing the first mile 1:30, and the second in 2:3.

## ILLINOIS CORRESPONDENCE.

CHARLESTON, Ill., Sept. 30th, 1856.

Mr. Editor: In view of the many conflicting reports circulated in your State in regard to the position of the democratic party North, many Kentuckians have written to me, desiring that I should tell them exactly the condition of affairs here at the North. As I wish them to know who we are fighting, and I have not the time to sit down and write an answer to each and every letter I receive, I wish to address my friends and the people of Kentucky in a short letter through the Age.

In the North the democratic party is opposed by two factions—the black republicans and a remnant of old-line whigs, whose hostility to democracy will not allow them to co-operate with that party. There is no such party as the "American" in Illinois. The supporters of Mr. Fillmore are old-line whigs, who are as heavy opponents of know-nothingism as the democrats. They cannot support Mr. Buchanan, because he is a democrat; they will not support Mr. Fremont, because they oppose his sectionalism; so they are compelled to take up Mr. Fillmore, because he is the only one left them. It matters but little who they support, as the weakness of their number renders them almost powerless. They cannot give more than three thousand votes to Mr. Fillmore in Illinois.

The black republican party is the northern American party under a new name. They advocate these principles:

Hostility to Papal influence.  
A change in the naturalization laws.  
The abolition of the inter-State slave trade.  
The abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

The repeal of the fugitive slave law, and  
The exclusion of all new slave States from entering the Union, which may hereafter present themselves for admission.

I said that this party is the whilom American party in the North. There were some few Americans who refused to follow their party into abolitionism. Some of these men will support Mr. Fillmore, in conjunction with the southern Americans—others have joined the democratic party.

Here we do not have to battle the friends of Mr. Fillmore. They are so impotent that we do not fear them. The black republican Americans are the ones we have to contend with. Now, I want to tell you a significant fact in our Kentucky American friends, "The Union Degree" of your order was never introduced into the North!

It was gotten up for southern use altogether, and for this reason. The leaders of your party saw that your South American friends, your northern brethren, because of their hostility to your order, "twelfth section," in one of your platforms. They saw that, if you could once understand that your northern brothers had another object in view from yourselves, one in which you were not only not invited to share, but which was directly opposite to your interests, you would repudiate the party, and thus cripple, if not destroy it altogether. In order to blind you, and make you believe all was secure and safe, that Union Degree was manufactured and introduced amongst you. You were assured that it was administered to all the members of the order in the United States. You were deceived. It was never heard of at the North. I have conversed with hundreds of Indiana and Illinois men who have joined the order, and we have the first man to meet who ever heard of such a degree. One gentleman told me he took a Kentucky know-nothing paper last year, and it was a riddle he could not unravel—the Union Degree it spoke of.

The only issue in the North is between the democratic and black republican parties. The election of Mr. Fremont is what we are opposing; because in the event of his election, we all foresee the dissolution of this glorious Union. Dissolution! did I say? Great God! is it possible that, when the permanency of our beloved Union is threatened; when the danger is imminent and near, that Kentucky will refuse to take her stand on the Union's side? I will not believe it.

What is dissolution—what does the word mean? It means death. It means the eternal death of Liberty, without the hope or resurrection—death, without the glories of immortality; without a sister to mourn her fall; none to wrap her decently in a winding sheet, and bear her tenderly to a sepulchre—dead, Liberty left to all the horror of corruption, a loathsome thing, with a stake through the body, which men shun—cast out naked upon the highway of nations, where the men who feared her living, will mock her dead, passing by on either side, crying: "Behold her! she that was fair among the nations is fallen!" They will scoff at unburied Liberty; while we, her children, stumble about her ruined habitations to find dishonorable graves wherein to hide our shame!

Dissolution! How shall it be? Who shall bring it about? Do men dream of Lot and Abraham parting peacefully, one going East, and the other West, because their servants strive? That States will divide from States, and boundary lines will be marked by compass and chain? Let me tell you, fellow-citizens, that will be a portentous commission that shall settle that partition. Cannon will be planted at the corners, and grinning skeletons be finger-posts to point the way. It will be no line drawn quietly and peacefully across the bosom of our Republic—no meandering stream—but a dark and horrid chasm, from whose dark depths will arise the stench of decomposing bodies thrown there by brother's hands. On the night when the stars—the constellation of thirty-one stars—shall fall from her flag, the blackness of darkness will forever settle on the liberties of this western world.

Think not, oh! Kentuckians, of dissolution I beseech you. Rather be it your study to avert it. Study how you have been imposed upon by the leaders of the American party, and come out in your chivalric might for the Constitution and the Union party. W. W. GRUELLE.

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